Cook my
flannels
I must.
It is the
last
last.

V.

Monk House
Rodmell
15 Oct
1940

Lord what an embarrassing situation you
created on Monday morning! The
portwoman, that virginal & antique woman,
brought a wooden box & said, "Please
will you examine the goods." So
Leonard opened the box in her presence,
& extracted—a po! And it wasn't a
whole po—only the check of a po—as
the poor woman saw. But he swore,
blushing like a rose, that it was
quite undamaged. And the also
blushed: & then we disinterred
the whole po, all in bits—the
handle, the bottom—Oh what a
po it must have been! a double po—
a Sackville po! And to think of
your packing it & sending it
& then that they should have broken it!
There it is in the hall—the relics of the
po—its heartbreaking—we shall never
have one like it—what it
would have meant to Lytton when

Cook my
dinner is
I must.
It's the
baked
potatoes.

V.

Monk House
Rodmell
15 Oct
1940

Lord what an embarrassing situation you
created on Monday morning! The
postwoman, that virginal & antique woman,
brought a wooden box & said, "Please
will you examine the goods". "To
Leonard opened the box in her presence,
& extracted—a po! And it wasn't a
whole po—only the cheek of a po—as
the poor woman said. But he swore,
blushing like a rose, that it was
quite undamaged. And she also
blushed; & then we disinterred
the whole po, all in bits—the
handle, the bottom—Oh what a
po it must have been! a double po—
a Sackville po! And to think of
your packing it & sending it
& then that they should have broken it!
There it is in the hall—the relics of the
po—it's heartbreaking—we shall never
have one like it—what it
would have meant today to Lloyd when

the comes! — & then I rummaged further
& found cuddled round the po master —
Manes & the finial wool. How can you
say it wants dyeing? It's a most
harmonious mothy colour, & I've wool
enough in it for a jersey for me, &
for socks for Leonard. Oh how can
we ever thank you sufficiently — the
two old wolves dressed in real
sheeps clothing — not ordinary sheep
either — Jacobs sheep which came in
before the emperor. NYPL Dear me, dear me,
we were we ~~states~~ & Ephelarded, what
with the postwoman & the po we
hardly settled into work all day.
Yes. you are an angel. And had you been
Criminal about — whatever it was — Vanessa,
all would be forgot & forgive — but you
weren't criminal. Leonard acquits you of all
intent: don't we always say. Of all our
authors Vita is the magnanimous
Rose. the peach of perfection? don't we
both like you (I put 'love' for my word)
better every time we see you. And oh dear,
the relief of the po in the hall make me
laugh every time!

M. MCOSM 7/73

Monk's House
Rodmell
near Lewes
Sussex

1940

15th Nov.

I have been trying, for the past ten days, to write to you, but something has always interrupted. Village life without motel to cook + listless people coming to hear Leonard lectures (on democracy): then buying bits of fish: I say all this chops up my day. But does not diminish my love, nor my gratitude. It is angelic of you to wish me to write another book - At the same time devilish. Haven't) 20 books
fizzling in my head at the moment? Then you tempt me with old Bess. This tempting of course. But) doubt of old Ben is my bent. I think this neither one thing or the other. I mean Orlando was imagination: Roger fact. But Ben is epic all, though much spangled with

Elizabethan frenzy, an historic figure. I should have to
Grub. And I don't like Muddy history. And
there's already a fat book about her. I think
I'll compromise, & make her a Common Reader.
But all my books, including the D.N.B. are lying on the
floor in London. I've handed on the other suggestion:
Bates - Robinson. Fr some reason I've a prejudice
against Bates. Why, I don't know. Also: why don't
you do Bess? another bomb fell on Mecklenburgh
Square
years ago I went over Hardwick, when old
Lady Louisa Egerton lived there. We had a late tea at
home. She was very good to us. The Canaletto hung
Lent in Temporal. I was then emerging from madness.
And she took us & showed us the house — I remember
the windows. There was a motto, wasn't there,
in stone, on the roof? And two very plain
Egerton daughters. I haven't thought of them for
years.
"Tell Virginia I am sending
butter ..." Leonard gave me this tremendously
exciting scrap out of your letter. Lord what
a mint of things you've given me. Wool. Butter.

NYPL

N. NICOLSON 7/73

Monks House.
29th. Nov 1940

I wish I were Queen Victoria.
Then I could thank you —
From the depths of my Broken
Widowed heart. Never never
Never have we had such a
calamitous astounding glorious —
no, I can't get the hang of this
Ugh. No I can say it
that when we discovered
the butter in the envelope
you we had in the
household — Louie that is —
to look. That's a whole
pound of butter I said. Saying

which — I broke off a lump & ate it
pure. Then in the flurry & my
heart I gave all our
weeks ration — which is about
the size of my thumb nail — to
Lonie — earned undying
gratitude: then sat down &
ate bread & butter. Produced
have been desecration to
add jam. NYPL You've
forgotten what butter
tastes like. & I'll tell you —
it's something between dew &
honey. Lord, Vita! — your
broken po, your wool; —
then on top, your butter !!!!
Please congratulate the
Cow from me, & the
dairy maid, & I would like to suggest
that the calf should be known in
future (what a man's Leonard
or a woman's Virginea.

Thank ey our lunch tomorrow:
Bunny Garnett & Angelica are
coming: into middle this
table I shall put the whole
pot. And I shall say:
Eat as much as you like.
I can't think all this
whatsoever, for its a year since
I saw a pound, to tell you
anything else. I don't
think anything else seems
important. Its true all
our books are coming from the
ruined house tomorrow: all
battered & mildewed. Its

June I've been made Treasurer of the
Women's Institute: also I
want to ask you about Lantern
Video of Persia: & write for
Come & talk: But this is
more trifling. Bombs fell
near me: trifles; a plane
shot down in the marsh:
Explosions flowers damned —
no, nothing serious to make a
wreath on the pedestal setting your
butter.

Hope never sent me your
book from the Pen. damn them.

Have L. breaks in: & I'm
writing to you, such I
add his deepest thanks
to my

Barker

NYPL
V.NIC04508W 7/73

Monks House
Rodmell
18th Dec. 1940

Did you really mean me to take you at your word?

Well, I have. Last night, our 21st birthday celebration, after we'd eaten our Chocolate cake, Mrs. Charrane, the president, rose & announced: "Ladies, I have the pleasure of informing you that Mrs Harold Nicolson, equally well known as Vita Sackville West, has consented to lecture to us on Persia in February!!!"

Loud cheers. General enthusiasm. A vote of thanks was then given to Mrs. Woolf for having secured you.

Lord! don't you wish you went! You can't think how they beamed & boomed over you. They've all heard you on the wireless. Mrs Sandwe

our secretary, has the Land by heart. The
one passion they all share is for Persia.
What about slides? I said you'd
illustrate your travels. We will get a
lantern if you want one.
It's the 3rd Tuesday in February.
Meeting at 2.45.
You lunch here at 1. You stop here.
If you insist you go home after lunch on
Wednesday.

But details can wait. Only
tell me you'll come: & accept my —
oh accumulated blessings.

You can't think how elated
they were — when having been
beyond Level in their lives.
And yet — whose voice they know:
whose husbands' voice they know —
All 37 Mech' Eq^t has now been dumped
here: & is in the devil of a hobble —
Mess — V.

NYPL

N. NICOLSON 7/73

must tell you, Lady Axford sent her chauffeur
here with her legacy to me – a bronze
bust of Monsieur Hume
Voltaire.
I think she loves me; please note. V. à P. Boxing day. 1940

If my admiration for you
could be increased, it would be
by the fact that your divine
butter arrived on Christmas
morning. Anybody else,
that is, would have sent it
any other day. As it was,
Leonard & I, economizing
with a duck this year,
had such an orgy of
butter eating it was worth
ten turkeys. Oh what a gift!

Oh Vera what a
Cornucopia of Bounty you are!
A broken pot.
A Jacobs fluce.
Two pounds of fresh butter.

Your book has sold 16,462 copies. Very good.

must tell you, Lady Asford sent her chauffeur
here with her legacy to me – a bronze
bust of Monsieur Hume
Voltaire.
I think she loves me.
please note. V. à P. Boxing day. 1940

Yours truly Wolcott 16/12/62 Copies. Very. Mod.

If my admiration for you
could be increased, it would be
by the fact that your divine
butter arrived on Christmas
morning. Anybody else,
I that is, would have sent it
any other day. As it was,
Lenard & I, economizing
with a duck this year,
had such an orgy of
butter eating always wanting
ten turkeys. Oh what a gift!

Oh thou what a
Cornucopia of Bounty you are!
A broken toe.
A Jacobs fleece
Two pounds of fresh butter.

And I never give you a thing —
I wonder why that is.
Then I have to add about £2,000
from your books. Let alone the
meaning of 'em.
Have you got a life of Bess of
Hardwick; a life of Lady Clifford; —
well, if you have, bring them on
Loan, when you come. Another Bounty.
Yes, of course we'll get the Lantern. —
And would you like me to
ask Edith Jones to lunch!
That would save you going, which
would be intolerable; & I'd
slip out into the garden & leave you.
Not that I want to — Lord no. I
can talk 24 hours without
stopping. I mean to you, not to
her. What all this about Dotty?
Ethel is catastrophic mixed Etheree- Or I

NYPL

N. NICOLSON 7/73